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**The Newport Mercury.**  
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## Agriculture.

## Poetry.

**IF YOU'RE COMING WHY DON'T YOU COME ALONG.**  
From the Lexington Gazette.  
Twas in a field—by an old field school,  
Where the boys were romping wild,  
I sat down, with a shining bow,  
And he was but a child;  
And as he romped upon the green,  
With mind and muscle strong,  
And he'd cry to the lagging boys:  
"Why don't you come along?"  
So said the boy, but when he spoke,  
The man was in that boy;  
And now his voice—old Christendom,  
Rings like a bell of joy;  
For the world has taken up his cry,  
And joined him in the song.  
Now sung by the nations in their march:  
"Why don't you come along?"  
Come on, I pause not! 'Tis death to stop,  
The tide is at its flood;  
For men and things are on their march—  
Halt never, if you would.  
That cry is in the hearts of men,  
Their watch word, right or wrong;  
And nations cry in every tongue:  
"Why don't you come along?"  
The engine and the telegraph  
Proclaim it to the man;  
The man takes up the cheering cry,  
Which with the boy began.  
O'er wood and plain—o'er sea and earth,  
It rings in starting song;  
'Tis written on the firmament,  
"Why don't you come along?"  
But yesterday, it took six men  
To make a pin; but now  
That little boy will do the work;  
When done he'll scarce know how.  
Thought follows action—then we pause  
To think; no longer strong;  
But still keep up the school boy's cry—  
"Why don't you come along?"  
But yesterday the reaper's hook  
Mowed slowly through the grain;  
McIntosh now, with a storm of hooks  
The harvest sweeps again;  
And as he cuts, and cleans, and bags,  
He joins the world-wide song;  
Old-time reapers? Tarry not!  
"Why don't you come along?"  
Trot! march! halt not! 'Tis now the word  
So the regiment of man;  
Say what you have to say at once—  
Go! do it if you can.  
Birds sing—the engines shriek it;  
It's the stars among them;  
All nature breathes the word's great cry:  
"Why don't you come along?"

**FALL PLOWING.**—The advantages of fall plowing may be enumerated as follows:  
1. In the autumn, the team having become tired to work during the summer is more vigorous and better prepared for labor than in the spring, and other farm work is less pressing in its demands upon the time and attention than in that bustling period. Let all the plowing be done which is possible in the fall, and still the spring work would give abundant employment to the farmer and his teams, in drawing manure, cross plowing, cultivating, harrowing, &c.  
2. In the fall, low moist lands are generally in better condition for plowing than in spring time. We say generally, for this season low, moist lands are decidedly moist at present. Still, we cannot hope for any better state very early next year, and if plowed as they should be, wet lands will suffer very little from water through the winter.  
3. Stiff, heavy soils, plowed in autumn, undergo, by the action of water and frost, a more thorough disintegration—clays are pulverized and crumbled, and heavy loams and hard pan lands are acted upon in like manner and with like benefit.  
4. Heavy, coarse swards, full of rank weeds and grasses, can be better subdued by plowing in the fall—their roots are more apt to die out, and far less liable to sprout again than when plowed in the spring. The turf is better prepared, by its more advanced state of decay, for the use of the crops which may be sown or planted upon it.  
5. Fall plowing disturbs the "winter arrangements" of numerous worms and insects, and must destroy a large number of these pests and also their eggs and larvae. This is a minor advantage, but a worthy consideration, especially on lands infested with the wire worm.  
The principal objections to fall plowing are these—  
1. The loss of that fresh friable condition readily permeable to air and moisture, and the consolidation of the soil by long exposure to stormy and changing weather. This, on soils of a light character, is a very serious objection to plowing in autumn.  
2. The loss of vegetable matter and the gasses of the same, while in the state of decay, is another disadvantage. The latter is but a small loss if the work is done late in the fall, but often on hill sides, a large part of the soluble and floating organic matter is washed away by the heavy rains of winter and early spring time. The soil is also consolidated by the same influences. Heavy swards thus situated would sustain less injury than light swards or stubble lands.  
The advantages and disadvantages of this practice may be appropriately followed by brief directions for performing the work.  
1. Do it in the best manner.  
2. Throw up lands in narrow beds and cut across furrows and drains sufficient to carry off at once all surface water. This obviates one great objection to fall plowing.  
3. Plow deep and narrow furrows—such will best secure the action of the aerating influences of frost upon the soil. A rough broken surface is better than a smooth one.—*Rural N. Yorker.*

**THE STRANGER ON THE HILL.**  
BY T. H. READ.  
Between broad fields of wheat and corn,  
The lovely home where I was born,  
The peach-tree leans against the wall,  
And the woodbine wanders over all;  
Here is the stranger's doorway still,  
And a stranger's foot has crossed the sill.  
Here is the barn—and, as of yore,  
No smell the hay from the open door,  
And the busy swallows throng,  
And hear the parson's mournful song;  
The stranger comes, O! a painful proof—  
His shere are piled to the heated roof.  
Here is the orchard—the very trees  
That knew my childhood so well to please,  
Where I watched the shadowy moments run,  
And my life imbibed more of shade than sun;  
The swing from the bough still sweeps the air,  
And the stranger's children are swinging there.  
Bubbles, the shady spring below,  
With its bubbling brook where the hazel grow;  
Twas there I found the calamus root,  
And watched the minnows pause and shoot,  
And heard the robin lave his wing—  
But the stranger's bucket is at the spring.  
O! who daily cross the sill,  
How kindly, for I love it still;  
How when you eared the old barn eaves,  
You think what countless harvest sheaves  
Have passed within that scented door,  
And golden eyes that are no more.  
O! kindly wish those orchard trees,  
And when your children crowd your knees,  
Their sweetest fruit they shall impart,  
As if old memories stirred their heart,  
To youthful sports still leave the swing,  
And in sweet reverence hold the spring.

**STARRY MUSINGS.**  
Stars of the stellar night!  
Thy trackless paths of light  
Radiate as we gaze—  
Lost in their gleaming mass—  
Love's holiest dreams of bliss,  
And of eternity.  
Cease then each lingering fear:  
Which brings doubt's anyoning tear!  
Hope waves her crown of love  
In light's pure arch above—  
Peace builds her altar there—  
Pointing her pathway where  
Life's inner joys are given,  
Eternally in Heaven!  
TIME.  
Time! then gold more sacred, more a lead  
Than lead to fools, and fools repined with,  
What moment's granted, and without account?  
What years are squandered, wisdom's debt unpaid!  
What waits in days all due to that discharge.  
[Tong.]

## Selected Tale.

### THE KNIFE AND TOMAHAWK.

About thirty miles below the present city of Portland, stood an ancient fort, known as Fort McIntosh. It was built by a revolutionary general of that name, in the summer of 1778. It was one of a line of forts, which was intended to guard the people who lived south of the Ohio river, from the incursions of the savages to the northward. This fort was one of the favorite resorts of the great Indian spy and hunter, Capt. Samuel Brady. Although his usual headquarters was Pittsburgh, then consisting of a rude fort and score or two of rough frontier tenements.  
Brady had emigrated westward, or rather had marched thither in 1778, as a lieutenant in the distinguished Eighth Pennsylvania Regiment, under the command of general Broadhead, of Easton. When, in the spring of 1779, McIntosh retired from command in the West, Broadhead succeeded him, and remained at Pittsburgh until 1781. Shortly after his advent to the west, Brady was brevetted Captain. Brady had served at the siege of Boston, fought at Long Island and White Plains, gone through the whole of the terrible campaign of Trenton and Princeton, suffered at Valley Forge, distinguished himself at Germantown and Red Bank, and narrowly escaped death at Paoli. But his tastes led him to the erratic mode of warfare known upon the frontier. Indian education upon the upper Susquehanna had incultured and developed those traits from the very earliest boyhood. Having promised this very much by way of introduction, it brings us to the opening of our story. On the 21st day of August, 1779, Brady set out from Fort McIntosh for Pittsburgh. He had with him two of his trusty and well tried followers. These were not attached to the regular army, as he was, but were scouts and spies, who had been with him upon many an expedition. They were Thomas Bevington and Benjamin Biggs. Brady resolved to follow the northern bank of the Ohio. Biggs objected to this, upon the ground, as Brady well knew, that the woods were swarming with savages. Brady, however, had resolved to travel by the old Indian path, and having once made up his mind, no consideration could deter him from carrying out his determination. Bevington had such implicit faith in his ability to lead, that he never thought of questioning his will.  
Quite a discussion arose between Biggs and his captain at the mouth of Beaver river, about a mile above the fort, and where they must cross the Ohio, if they continued upon the northern side. Biggs finally yielded his objections, and they crossed Beaver, and proceeded with the habitual caution of woodsmen, who fully understood their business. They had started early, and by rapid traveling had reached, ere noon came, the last piece of bottom land on the north side of the river, just below what is known as the Narrows. Upon this bottom a pioneer, more during than most others, had built a cabin, and opened a small spot of cleared land. He had planted it in corn, and it gave promise of a most abundant harvest.  
But, as they approached the edge of the clearing, just outside of the fence, Brady discovered "Indian signs," as he called them. His companions discovered them almost as quick as he, and at once, in low tones, communicated to each other the necessary for a keen watch. They slowly trailed along the side of the fence toward the house, whose situation they well knew, until they stood upon the brow of the bluff bank which overlooked it. A sight of the most terrible description met their eyes. The cabin lay a mass of smouldering ruins; from whence a dull blue smoke arose in the clear August sunshine. They observed closely everything about it. Brady knew it was customary for the Indians, after they had fired a settler's cabin, if there was no immediate danger, to retire to the woods close at hand, and watch the approach of any member of the family who might chance to be absent when they made the descent. Not knowing but that they were even then lying close by, he left Bevington to watch the ruins, lying under cover, whilst he proceeded to the northward, and Biggs southward, to make discoveries. Both were to return to Bevington, if they found no Indians. If they were too numerous to be attacked regularly, Brady declared it to be a signal for both of his followers to make the best of their way to the fort.  
All this rapidly transpired, and with Brady to decide, was to act. As he stole cautiously around to the northern side of the inclosure, he heard a voice in the distance singing. He listened keenly, and soon discovered from its intonations, that it was a white man's. He passed rapidly to the direction whence the sound came. As it approached, he concealed himself behind the trunk of a large tree. Presently a white man, riding a fine horse, came slowly down the path. The form was that of Albert Gray, the stalwart, brave, devil-may-care settler, who had built him a home miles away from the fort, where no one would dare to take a family, except himself. Brady wore, as he almost always did, the Indian garb, and had war paint upon his face. He knew that if he showed himself upon the path, Gray would shoot, taking him to be an Indian. He therefore suffered Gray quietly to approach his lurking place. When the time came, he sprang forward ere the settler could have time to prepare, drew his tomahawk, and seizing him dragged him from his horse. As he did so, he whispered to him—"I am Capt. Brady, for God's sake be quiet."

Gray with the instinctive feeling of one who knew there was danger, and with that vivid presence of mind which characterizes those acquainted with frontier life, ceased at once to struggle. The horse had been started by the sudden onslaught, and sprang to one side. Ere he had time to leap forward, Brady had caught him by the bridle. His loud snorting threatened to arouse any one who was near. The Captain soon soothed the frightened animal into quiet. Gray now hurriedly asked Brady what the danger was. The strong, vigorous spy, turned away his face unable to answer him. The settlers already excited fears were thus turned into realities. The manly form shook like an aspen leaf with emotion—tears fell as large as drops of water over his bronzed face. Brady permitted the indulgence for a moment, whilst he led the horse into a thicket close at hand and tied him. When he returned Gray had sunk to the earth and great tremulous convulsions writhed over him. Brady quietly touched him upon the shoulder and said, "Come." He at once arose, and had gone but a few yards until every trace of emotion had apparently vanished. He was no longer the bereaved husband and father—he was the sturdy, well trained hunter, whose ear and eye were acutely alive to every sight or sound, the waving of a leaf or the crackling of the smallest twig.  
He desired to proceed directly toward the house, but Brady objected to this, and they passed down toward the river bank. As they proceeded, they saw from the tracks of horses and moccasins prints upon the places where the earth was moist, that the party was quite a numerous one. After thoroughly examining every cover and possible place of concealment, they passed on to the southward and came back to that direction where Bevington stood sentry. When they reached him they found that Biggs had not returned. In a few minutes he came. He reported that his trail was large and broad; the Indians had taken no pains to conceal their tracks; they simply had struck back into the country, so as to avoid coming in contact with the spies whom they supposed to be lingering along the river.  
The whole four now went down to the cabin and carefully examined the ruins. After a long and minute search, Brady declared in an authoritative manner, that none of the inmates had been consumed. This announcement at once dispelled the most harrowing fears of Gray. As soon as all that could be discovered had been ascertained each one of the party proposed some plan of action. They desired to go to Pittsburgh and obtain assistance—another thought it best to return to McIntosh and beg some volunteers there—Brady listened patiently to both these propositions, but arose quickly, after talking a moment apart with Biggs, and said, "Come." Gray and Bevington obeyed at once, nor did Biggs object. Brady struck the trail and began pursuit in that tremendous rapid manner for which he was so famous. It was evident that if the savages were overtaken, it could only be done by the utmost exertion. They were some hours ahead, from the number of their horses most, but mounted. Brady felt that if they were not overtaken that night, pursuit would be utterly futile. It was evident that this band had been south of the Ohio and plundered the homes of other settlers. They had pounced upon the family of Gray upon their return.  
When the pursuit began, it must have been two o'clock, at least two hours had been consumed by the spies in making the necessary exploration of the house, ere they approached it, and in examining the ruins. Their leader kept steadily in advance. Occasionally he would diverge from the track, but only to take it up again a mile or so in advance. The Captain's intimate knowledge of the topography of the surrounding country enabled him to anticipate what points they would make. Thus he gained rapidly upon them by proceeding more nearly on a straight line toward the point at which they aimed to cross Beaver river.  
At last convinced from the general direction in which the trail led, that he could divine with absolute certainty the spot where they would ford the stream, he abandoned it and struck boldly across the country. The accuracy of his judgment was indicated by the fact that from an elevated crest of a long line of hills, he saw the Indians with their victims just disappearing up a ravine on the opposite side of the Beaver. He counted them as they slowly filed away under the rays of the declining sun. There were thirteen warriors, eight of whom were mounted—another woman, beside Gray's wife, was in the cavalcade, and two children beside him—in all five children.  
The odds seemed fearful to Biggs and Bevington; although Brady made no comment. The moment they had passed out of sight, Brady again pushed forward with unflagging energy, nor did his followers hesitate. There was not a man among them whose muscles were not tense and rigid as whip-cord, from exercise and training, from hardship and exposure. Gray's whole form seemed to dilate into twice its natural size at the sight of his wife and children.  
Just as the sun set, the spies forded the stream and began to ascend the ravine. It was evident that the Indians intended to camp for the night some distance up a small creek or run, which debouches into Beaver river, about three miles from the location of Fort McIntosh, and two below the ravine. The spot, owing to the peculiar form of the tongue of the land lying west of the Beaver, at which they expected to encamp, was full ten miles from that fort. Here there was a famous spring, so deftly and cunningly situated in a deep dell, and so densely inclosed with thick mountain pines, that there was little danger of discovery. Even they might light a fire and it could not be seen one hundred yards.  
The proceedings of their leader, which would have been totally inexplicable to all

others, were partially, if not fully, understood by his followers. At least, they did not hesitate to question him. When dark came, Brady pushed forward with as much apparent certainty as he had done during the day. So rapid was his progress, that the Indians had but just kindled their fire and cooked their meal, when their mortal foe, whose presence they dreaded as much as that of the small pox, stood upon a huge rock looking down upon them.  
His party had been left a short distance in the rear, at a convenient spot, whilst he went forward to reconnoitre. There they remained impatiently for three mortal hours. There they discussed in low tones the extreme disparity of the force—the propriety of going to McIntosh to get assistance. But all agreed that if Brady ordered them to attack success was certain. However impatient they were, he returned at last.  
He described to them how the prisoners lay within the centre of a crescent formed by the savages as they slept. Their guns were stacked upon the right, and most of their tomahawks. Their arms were not more than fifteen feet from them. He was within fifty feet of them, when the snoring of the savages, occasioned by the approach of a wild beast, had aroused a number of the savages from their light slumbers, and he had been compelled to lie quiet for more than an hour until they slept again.  
He then told them that he would attack them. It was impossible to use fire arms. They must depend solely upon the knife and tomahawk. The knife must be placed in the left hand and the tomahawk in the right. To Biggs he assigned the duty of securing their arms. He was to begin the work of slaughtering upon the right, Gray upon the left, and Bevington in the centre.  
After each fully understood the duty assigned him, the slow, difficult, hazardous approach began. They continued upon their feet until they had gotten within one hundred yards of the foe, and then they lay down upon their bellies and began the work of writhing themselves forward like a serpent approaching a victim. They at last reached the very verge of the line, each man was at his post, save Biggs, who had the farthest to go. Just as he passed Brady's position, a twig cracked roughly under the weight of his body, and a huge savage, who lay within the reach of Gray's tomahawk, slowly sat up as if startled into this posture by the sound. After rolling his eyes, he again lay down and all was still.  
Full fifteen minutes passed ere Biggs moved; then he slowly went on. When he reached his place, a very low, hissing sound indicated that he was ready, Brady in turn reiterated the sound as a signal to Gray and Bevington to begin. This they did in the most deliberate manner. No nervousness was permissible then. They slowly felt for the heart of each savage they were to stab and then plunge the knife. The tomahawk was not to be used unless the knife proved inefficient. Not a sound broke the stillness of the night as they cautiously felt and stabbed, unless it might be that one who was feeling would hear the stroke of the other's knife and the groan of the victim whom the other had slain. Thus the work proceeded. Six of the savages were slain. One of them had not been killed out right by the stab of Gray. He sprang to his feet but as he arose to shout his war cry, the tomahawk finished what the knife had begun. He staggered and fell heavily forward, over one who had not been reached. He in turn started up, but Brady was too quick, his knife reached his heart and the tomahawk his brain almost at the same instant.  
All were slain by three spies, except one. He started to flee, but a rifle shot by Biggs rang merrily out in the night air and closed his career. The women and children alarmed by the contest, fled wildly to the wood; but when all had grown still and they were called, they returned, recognizing and their bright tones of their own people. The whole party took up their march for McIntosh at once. About sunrise next morning the sentries of the fort were surprised to see the cavalcade of horses, men, women and children, approaching the fort. When they recognized Brady they at once admitted him and the whole party.  
In relating the circumstances afterwards Bevington claimed to have killed three, and Gray three. Thus Brady, who claimed nothing, must have slain at least six, while the two slew as many. The thirteenth Biggs shot.  
From that hour to this, the spring is called the "Bloody Spring," and the small run is called "Brady's Run." Few, even of the most curious of the people living in the neighborhood, know aught of the circumstances which conferred these names; names which will be preserved by tradition forever. Thus ended one of the very many hand-to-hand fights which the great spy had with the savages. His history is fuller of daring, incident, sanguinary, close, hard contest, perilous explorations and adventurous escapes, than that of either Hartzels, or Boone or Kenton. He saw more service than any of them, and his name was known as a by-word of terror among the Indian tribes, from the Susquehanna to Lake Michigan.  
The Flying Eagle.  
This device which "ornaments" one side of the new cent is spoken of by most of the papers as a wretched original design. Such is not the fact. The original of the flying eagle appeared on the "Flying Eagle Dollar," dated 1836, and of which but few were coined on account of the same objection which is now urged against the cent—that the picture was a deformity, and a disgrace to the country. The "Flying Eagle dollar" one of which we have in our possession, have been sold at auction to the collectors of curious coins as high as a rate as \$3 each.—*N. H. Gazette.*  
Why is a vine like a soldier? Kaze it trained—has ten drills—and it shoots.

**A Candle Lecture Reversed.**  
Now, Mrs. Caudle, I should like to know what has become of my hat? Here I've been hunting all over the house, and lost ten minutes that should have been given to the Mutual Life Insurance Co.—Now, I say, what have you done with that hat? You haven't seen it? Of course not; never do see it. Frank, go and get my hat, and Jane, fetch me my cane.—What's that! You can't find my hat?—Now, Mrs. Caudle, I should like to know why you will persist in training your children in such a heedless manner? He can't find my hat! To be sure not; how can he, if you don't learn him to look!—Didn't I leave it in the kitchen when I went there last night after something to eat? How the deuce should you know? Is it your business to know, and to have my things ready for me in the morning, and not have me losing so much time. Eh! servants and two children! Be calm! O yes, I will be calm! You see I am calm, and if you would only be so, I should have been able to find my hat long ago, instead of staying here to listen to your excuses, when I ought to be down town attending to business. I wonder how you expect I'm to keep this house going, if I'm to be kept waiting here for my hat. What! how can you help it? How can you help it? Why, madam, it's the easiest thing in the world! It's simply this modern management. Now, do you suppose things would go on in this way if you would only see that articles are in their right place; but, I suppose, you haven't got time to do that even! Of course not.—Well, there is no use talking, I must go to the office bareheaded. Your bouquet, madam! Your bouquet.  
But why should I be surprised—why should I be surprised, if you should offer me your skirts also, since I seem to have lost all authority in this house! It's not your fault? and pray, then, whose fault is it? I will repeat it over twenty times, if you wish it—whose fault is it! What! the servants. No madam. I tell you, you are mistaken—it's not the servants—I tell you it's your fault. I—  
Then, clearly, it's your fault that I can't find my hat. (Sits down.) Well, it's no use talking, I shan't go to the office to-day and you may as well go to Newport—dy'e hear. It's no use asking, you shan't go. You needn't suppose I'm going to be deprived of my hat like this, and then allow you to spend my money at Newport. No madam, I'm no such fool as all that comes to. No—no, madam, here I am, and here I'll stay, all day ma'am, and, Eh! What, you wish I wouldn't talk so much? I tell you I will talk—I'll talk all day, if I please, and smoke, too—dy'e hear that? I'll smoke in the dining room, and yes, you Jove, I'll smoke in the parlor, and by Jove, ma'am, I'll scent the curtains, and smoke all over the house.  
Here (says Mrs. Caudle) the horrid wretch was about putting his odious precept into practice, when Jane came in with his hat, having found it in a corner of the large oak-tree chair on the back stoop.  
Sidney Smith as Swearing.  
Sidney Smith, when travelling in a stage coach one day, long before railroads were dreamed of, was terribly annoyed by a young man, who had acquired the polite art of profane swearing to such an extent, that he could not help interlarding his discourse with it, as though it were a constituent part of the language. As there was a lady present, the matter was doubly annoying. After enduring the young man's displays for some time, the "wag, wit and wicar," as one of his Cockney admirers called him, asked permission to tell the company a little anecdote, and thus commenced:  
"Once upon a time (boots, sugar tongs and tinder boxes) there was a King of (boots, sugar tongs and tinder boxes) England who, at a grand ball, (boots, sugar tongs and tinder boxes) picked up the Duchess of (boots, sugar tongs and tinder boxes) Shrewsbury's garter, (boots, sugar tongs and tinder boxes) and said: 'Honi soit qui mal y (boots, sugar tongs and tinder boxes) pense,' which means in English, 'Evil be to him who (boots, sugar tongs and tinder boxes) evil thinks.' This was the origin of (boots, sugar tongs and tinder boxes) the order of the garter."  
When Sidney Smith had concluded, the young gentleman said: "A very good story, sir—rather old—but what the devil has boots, sugar tongs and tinder boxes to do with it?"  
"I will tell you, my young friend, when you tell me what 'damna my eyes,' &c., have to do with our conversation. In the meantime, allow me to say, that my style of swearing."

**Historical.**  
**MEMOIR OF RHODE ISLAND, 1699.**  
At a General Assembly met at Newport, the 30th day of April 1700, and adjourned to meet next day being the day of the election, the following officers were chosen.  
SAMUEL CRANSTON, Gov.  
WESTON CLARKE, Dep. Gov.  
ROBERT CARR, Assistant.  
Assistants.  
Joseph Williams, William Hopkins, Giles Shocum,  
Joseph Sheffield, Benjamin Bartlett, Benjamin Smith,  
Benjamin Bartlett, John Eldridge,  
Jeffrey Champlin, Thomas Clarke, Recorder,  
Thomas Mallett, Sheriff.  
John Holmes, Gen'l Treasurer,  
John Rhodes, Attorney General,  
Henry Tew, Major for the Island.  
John Dexter, Major for the Main Land.  
Deputies.  
Benedict Arnold, Jonathan Holmes,  
Nathaniel Sheffield, Jeremiah Clarke,  
Isaac Martindale, John Easton, Jr.  
Providence.  
Jonathan Sprague, John Wilkinson,  
Elisha Arnold, Peleg Rhodes.  
Portsmouth.  
George Brownell, Isaac Lawton,  
Benjamin Hall, John Ward.  
Warwick.  
Randall Holding, Job Greene,  
Isaac Arnold, Moses Lippett.  
Westerly.  
William Champlin, Peter Crandall.  
Jamestown.  
Nicholas Carr, Joseph Mory,  
Kingston.  
George Vaughn, Henry Straight.  
The Colony laws were ordered to be transcribed and a correct copy sent to the Colony's agent in England.  
The Assembly which met in Warwick in October, 1699, received a communication from Samuel Mason one of the Assistants of Connecticut, inviting R. Island to a new conference, and negotiation with Connecticut, respecting such matters as territorial claims, and that Assembly appointed the following Commissioners on the part of R. Island viz. Thomas Olney, Major Henry Tew, Richard Arnold, Isaac Martindale, Wm. Champlin, and Benjamin Barton, or the major part of them—Connecticut had then, already, appointed her Commissioners.  
That Assembly adjourned to the 21st day of November, at which time it met in Newport.  
1699.  
Copy of the correspondence between the Commissioners of Rhode Island and Connecticut, at John Eldridge, Nov. 9th 1699.  
GENTLEMEN.—Mr. Thomas Olney, Major Henry Tew, Capt. John Barton, Mr. Martindale, and Capt. William Champlin.  
You proposed to us for agreement to run the line between the Colony of Connecticut and Rhode Island; that Pawcatuck River should be the dividing line as far as Pawcatuck River runs North, and then to run a north line to the Massachusetts south line, only you will allow six miles east of Quannehpaug River, if the north line comprehend any part of Quannehpaug purchase, which you allow is according to the agreement between the Gov. John Winthrop and Mr. John Clarke, yet you deny to give them under your hands, whereupon we write, that we may be under no mistake in a report to our masters.  
To which we reply that the ground or foundation of your charter is an agreement with said Gov. John Winthrop and Mr. John Clarke—which is; that Pawcatuck River shall be the eastern boundary up Meantime north line, therefore Pawcatuck river, the great stream, is to be the bounds so far as that river runs.  
21. Provision is to be made if any part of Quannehpaug purchase fall in your charter.  
22. That the proprietors and inhabitants of Mr. Smith's house claimed and purchased by Maj. Atherton, Capt. Hutchins, son, Lieut. Hudson &c, have full liberty unto which of the Colonies they will belong.  
23. That property shall not be altered, or destroyed, as is more fully declared in said agreement—which articles of agreement, if you will give under your hands to fulfill, we are readily disposed to an amicable agreement.  
Mr. John Eldridge Nov. 9th, 1699  
SAMUEL MASON.  
DANIEL MITCHELL.  
JAMES NOYES.  
GENTLEMEN.—Capt. Mason and Capt. Wetherell, and Mr. James Noyes.  
Whereas we the Commissioners of the Colony of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations and you were from each of our Colonies commissioned to negotiate, agree and determine where the bounds between our said Colonies should run and be; and in order thereunto we the Commissioners of the Colony of Rhode Island &c, have made you propositions—but the returns which they bear from you is, that there is an agreement with Gov. John Winthrop and Mr. John Clarke, as concerning properties and properties to be maintained, and now to be altered &c, which articles of agreement, if we will give under our hands to fulfill, you are readily disposed to an amicable agreement.











